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THE SPIRIT

VOL. 9.

AMES HIGH SCHOOL, AMES, IOWA

NO. 4

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LITERARY EDITION

Published Quarterly
By the Students of
Ames High School

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PIGSKIN REVIEW

A TEAM TO BE PROUD OF

Ames has, this year, one of the greatest football teams that she has ever put on the gridiron. The team has not been scored upon and up to this time she has won all but one game. That one game at Cedar Rapids was a nothing to nothing tie. All of the men have been eligible for all of the games so far, so that the team has not been bothered by any inconveniences from this quarter.

The game that has always been considered hardest in the football season each year in this school has been the game with one of the Des Moines' High Schools. West High is the opponent this year. Because Ames is a smaller school and from West High's ability to fight, although they are out of the race for the State title, they are given the advantage over our team. Nevertheless the proof of the pudding is in the tasting and only when the game is over can anyone be sure of the result. Ames may not have the advantage in newspaper talk but we know our team can and will fight. It will be a hard game, but in the end, Ames will win.

AMES HIGH AND CEDAR RAPIDS MIX

Ames High and Cedar Rapids both remain in the run for the state championship title as the result of a scoreless tie. The Ames bunch invaded the larger city and completely upset the dope by holding the score the way they did. According to people who saw the game, Ames is given a shade over Cedar Rapids in the class of playing, although that advantage did not result in a score. Ames would have scored once but the opponents held for downs, but however the team is satisfied with their record so far.

The line up of both teams are as follows:

Ames		Cedar Rapids
Bennett	L. E.	Jensen
Carey	L. T.	Zobel
Posegate	L. G.	Alexander
Thornburg	C.	Hines
Scovel	R. G.	Norris
Jackson	R. T.	Peterson
Corneliusson	R. E.	Wernimont
Anderson	Q.	Brown
R. Hoon	L. H.	Lammers
Elliott	F. B.	Brewer
L. Hoon	R. H.	Frank

Substitutions: Yoder for Lammers, Dunlap for Carey, Griffith for Carey.

AMES RUNS AWAY WITH IOWA FALLS

Ames added another link to her chain of victories when she walked away with the score from Iowa Falls 34 to 0. The victory was as easy as taking candy from a baby. The Ames team was much heavier than the visitors, whose team averaged around one hundred thirty pounds. Iowa Falls was more successful in their passes, for Ames received only one of the throws while Iowa Falls did get a larger part of theirs. Ames was not held for downs while the visitors made their yards only once or twice and those by passes.

In the first quarter, Iowa Falls kicked off from the north goal. Elliott received. It took longer to make the first score than it did any other in the game but the back field, by means of smashing and end runs, carried the ball over. Les Hoon failed to kick goal. Ames then kicked off to the visitors who, on failing to make their yards, punted. Ellis received and carried the ball for about twenty yards. The Hoon brothers then carried the ball until the end of the quarter. Iowa Falls was penalized for being off side near the close of the play.

Second quarter: The ball was changed to the other end of the field and the game



OUR COACH

To Robert Thompson, we owe our thanks that the football team has been so successful. He has coached the team in such a manner that they are able to play the game and play it right. He has always stood for clean playing and for this reason we may

thank him for the clean, live, sportsman-like playing of this years' team. "Bob", as he is familiarly called, always enters into his coaching with his whole spirit and this is reflected in the playing of the teams, whether football, basketball or track.

resumed. Before the quarter was barely started, the ball was over the line again. Les Hoon kicked goal. Jackson was taken out, Carter put in, Dunlap out, and Griffith in. Ames kicked to Iowa Falls again. They made about four yards, then attempted a forward pass but it did not carry thru. They passed and made about twelve yards. They made their yards on the next down but on a forward pass, Les Hoon intercepted, and it became Ames ball. Ames was penalized five yards. Capt. Anderson took the ball on an end run down the field for about seventy or eighty yards to the goal. Hoon kicked goal bringing the score up to an even twenty. Posegate and R. Hoon went out and Gore and Fitch went in. Ames kicked off but the visitors failed to make their yards by downs and had to punt. We again took the ball. Les Hoon made about five yards on an end run and then the ball went over. The place kick was good. Score, twenty-seven. Ames kicked off, and on their first down, Iowa Falls made an incomplete pass and then another one but L. Hoon intercepted their next attempt and carried it over the line. He failed to kick the goal. Ames kicked again to Iowa Falls. They failed to make any gain on the first down. Carey was taken out and Myers put in. They made a long pass to their man but he did not get it. Les Hoon fell on a fumbled punt. Half over, score, thirty-four to nothing, of course.

All the men went back again in their places, refreshed after the rest. Ames kicked off and the visitors failed to make their yards. Bennett got the punt but made no yards. Elliott took the ball then went for a few yards on an end run. Ames was penalized ten yards. Ames seemed to be about as weak at this point as at any in the game or maybe the Iowa Falls men tried to hold them and showed their fight. At least Ames by shorter gains than before wended their way down the field and dropped a field goal. Ames, of course, kicked off again, and the visitors because of a fumble and only slight gains on downs were forced to punt. Elliott received and made about a twenty yard run. Iowa Falls was penalized five yards for off side. Les Hoon made about a twenty yard run. Iowa Falls took the ball.

Last quarter: Substitutes were sent in

for a good share of the Ames men as it was useless to play the best men against the lighter team. Iowa Falls did not make their yards and punted. Griffith received the ball but did not make any gain. By a series of short smashes, the ball was put over again and Hoon kicked goal. Three more first string men were taken out and others put in. Griffith kicked off to Iowa Falls who followed up by making about a twenty yard run. The game went rather slow from then until the end, the Ames team for the only time did not make their yards and Iowa Falls got the ball, but couldn't do much with it when they had it. An Iowa Falls punt which lit outside, ended the runaway.

Ames		Iowa Falls
Bennett	L. E.	Cottrell
Dunlap	L. T.	Sielaff
Posegate	L. G.	G. Gardner
Thornburg	C.	Wood
Scovel	R. G.	C. Collier
Jackson	R. T.	H. Collier
Corneliussen	R. E.	Hicrodt
Anderson (Capt.)	Q.	Reed (Capt.)
R. Hoon	L. H.	Wolf
Elliott	F. B.	Cole
L. Hoon	R. H.	D. Klemme

Ames substituted Griffith, Myers, Gore, Carberry, Carter, Stewart and one of two more men for the regular team.

Iowa Falls substituted R. Klemme for Gardner and J. Gardner for D. Klemme.

AMES OUTPLAYS THE INDIANS

The heaviest line in the state, so they say, did not seemingly get Indianola anywhere in the game last Saturday when Ames walked away with a twenty-eight to nothing score. Indianola as "Bob" said, might be big below the eyes but heavy weight stuff above the eyes is what counts.

All of the Ames men were in their best form. Anderson, Elliott and "Les" Hoon were the stars of the game. Elliott especially gained recognition for his so-called "hurdling". "Peck" Posegate was the hero of the bleachers for he played against the visitors heaviest man. It remained for "Peck" to show them how "regular fellers" play the game.

Summary by quarters:

First quarter. The visitors kicked off to Ames from the north goal. "Ruf" Hoon

made a grab at the ball but fumbled. Elliott picked it up and Ames made yards in the four downs. Again Ames made their yards and Elliott, in a smash carried the ball for twenty yards. The ball was up quite close to the Indian's goal so Joe with Thornburg to make the hole, carried the ball over. L. Hoon place-kicked goal.

Ames kicked back to Indianola but they failed to push the ball over the ten yards in downs. Ames was given the ball and Les Hoon showed the visitors how to make the yards by going over the top for ten. Captain Joe Anderson then went through the line for ten yards and after that two more on an end run. Indianola punted right off the reel, and Elliott received. Ames made an incomplete pass but L. Hoon went around the end for about forty yards to goal. The place-kick was good.

Ames kicked to Indianola but they did not make their yards before the quarter was over. Score 14-0.

Second quarter: The Indians punted and Ames made their first downs but failed the next time. Ames punted and Indianola saw, after two downs, that there was no chances of making their yards so they punted. Elliott stopped the ball and carried it for fifteen yards in three downs but failed next time. The visitors and locals played around holding each other quite well, until the end of the quarter for no score was made. Indianola was at its best in this quarter but at that she didn't get down in dangerous territory.

Third quarter: Ames again kicked to Indianola from north to south. The visitors made ten yards on first down and after only slight gain in next two downs passed. But L. Hoon intercepted and Ames came into possession of the ball, but failed to make yards so that Indianola got the ball on a punt. They didn't see how it would do them any good so they punted back after a couple of downs. Elliott got the ball and ran about twenty yards through the whole gang without much interference. Ames was penalized fifteen yards then for playing rough but after working around awhile they made up by sending Elliott around the end for a seventy yard run to goal. The ball was at center of the field, but, as they were playing on the west side and Earl ran

clear over to the east and back to the center to get through it was an easy seventy yard run. L. Hoon kicked goal.

Indianola, after the kick off again failed to make yards. Ames got the ball, but almost lost it on a double fumble. Indianola intercepted an Ames pass.

Fourth quarter: Indianola, after almost making their yards fumbled and Ames recovered. Ames then dazed the Indians by a few "hurdles", end runs and smashes and then finally put the ball over the goal. Place-kick was good.

Ames kicked to Indianola and after failing in downs, they kicked. Ames had the ball and making little pop smashes and short runs, kept it until the end of the game although they failed to score any more.

Ames 28		Indianola 0
Bennett	L. E.	Cipherd
Scovel	L. T.	McIntere
Posegate	L. G.	Capt. Meek
Thornburg	C.	Rierce
Jackson	R. G.	Bromhall
Dunlap	R. T.	Baldwin
Corneliussen	R. E.	Burns
Anderson (Capt.)	Q.	Groves
L. Hoon	L. H.	Nichols
Elliott	F. B.	Hunnicut
R. Hoon	R. H.	Willis

Substitutions:

Indianola: Louch for Hunnicut. Hunnicut for Louch. Louch for Meek. Scroggs for Hunnicut.

Ames: Carey for Dunlap. Dunlap for Carey. Griffith for R. Hoon.

PERSONNEL OF THE TEAM

Bennet (L. E.)

Roy Bennett played in one game last year and played a good game. This year he has changed his position from quarter-back to end, but he plays a good game at either position.

Carey (L. T.)

Percy Carey is a new man this year but he has learned a lot of football in a short time. He is where he should be at the right time and makes a good heavy tackle.

Posegate (L. G.)

"Pecky" Posegate may be short but that doesn't apply to his football ability. "Peck" is one of the men who have returned to school from the service and is helping to

put the team over for the state championship.

Thornburg (C.)

"Fat" played in both games last year and filled his position ably. He has played good football this year, in fact we could hardly get along without him when he was out with a torn ligament in his arm.

Scovel (R. G.)

Ellis has demonstrated that he can play as good guard in football as he can in basketball. He played fullback last year, but plays a still better guard this year.

Jackson (R. T.)

Allan is new to the football fans in Ames this year, but he has played ball before, in the service and other places. He is a very able man at guard.

Corneliussen (R. E.)

"Scoop" played left end for most of the season last year, but he was capable at end half or quarter. He is playing a great game this year.

Capt. Anderson (Q.)

Joe has played football for Ames in years gone by and is back this year with his old time "pep." The football boys recognized Joe's ability when they elected him Captain.

L. Hoon (L. H.)

"Les" Hoon won his "A" when he was a prep in school, then was out last year in the service. We couldn't get along without "Les" at half left. He does most of our kicking and he does it well.

Elliott (F. B.)

Earl played for the old A. H. S. last year and was one of the star men. This year he is playing as good a game as before, and in company with the class of players on the team, they make up "some" team.

R. Hoon (R. H.)

Rufus is another man who has been in the service but is back to put Ames over, as far as football goes.

Dunlap (L. E. or L. T.)

Dunlap is a player who has fought for Ames High for all that he has got in him. In every game that the team has played, his everlasting scrappiness has been a great factor in being victorious.

Myers (C.)

John was an able substitute for Thornburg when "Fat" was out of the game.

Gore (E. and Q.)

Gore is a good utility man that is used when ever one of the regular men are out. He makes a good man at either position. He won an "A" last year.

What Would Happen

If Arnold and Teddy were separated for a day?

If the college car would really reach the college after 11:15 and not have motor trouble and compel "Bob" and G. H. to walk from Russel Avenue to I. S. C.

If the girls couldn't dance at noon?

If "Pokey" Raynes could get a girl?

If Emily would "vamp" Mr. Jackson?

If Miss Rayburn couldn't find anybody to call down?

If some of the boys in Ames wore clean collars?

If the seats in the Study Hall were upholstered?

If everybody swallowed gum like Ethyle Dawson does?

If you didn't have a "Spirit"?

If there was frosted glass in the windows of the Study Hall so we couldn't watch Central School ground?

If you study oft on Sunday

You will have no harps and wings

And you'll never go to heaven

Where they have the dandy things

But you'll go to balmy regions

On the cinder path below

And there you'll pleasure take, in greeting

All the teachers you used to know.

Miss Kelley: "What's the greatest date in History?"

Edward R.: "Mark Antony's date with Cleopatra."

Thelma H.: "I think Mr. Stoddard is just swell, don't you?"

Hazel Mc: "I think he's good for a married man."

Miss Hiller: "Clarence, you must think and think hard."

Clarence G: "That's impossible."

LITERARY

"WHICH MAN?"

Serial

Chapter I.

By Ada Robinson

A great many years ago, there stood on the outskirts of the town of Lexington, Mississippi, a great old-fashioned house with green shutters and English ivy creeping up the sides and also up the columns of the big veranda.

Around the ample lawn and garden, there was an old stone wall, some ten feet high. This alone, was enough to give one a sense of protection, but as if by way of making one feel more secure, the big, carved iron gate, at the entrance to the drive, was closed, heavily chained, and padlocked. Ivy also covered the wall, and gate.

Around the big old house and lawn, stood Magnolia trees, covered with blossoms which filled the air with fragrance, and made one almost want to drink their sweet perfume, and if possible—live forever,—for the time was the spring when everyone is in love with the world.

Around the house and sleepy little village, it looked as though the rest of the world had forgotten that such a town as "Lexington" even existed, for the only sign of life, except the distant singing of darkies, at work—was the man in the garden. He was busily spading, and occasionally stopped to lean on his spade and rest. He was rather fine-looking young man, perhaps twenty-eight years of age, and a very pronounced brunette. He was about five feet and eleven inches tall, and might have had a very impressive air, had he not been so glum and restless.

Presently the massive door of the house opened, and a girl came bounding down the steps, and over toward the gardener. Her long curls which hung to her waist were blown about and tossed by the wind.

As she came nearer, she looked about nineteen years of age, although at first she looked to be, perhaps seventeen, for she was not exceedingly tall, perhaps not more than five feet. One who had not noticed her particularly would have said that her hair was red,—but those who knew her better had decided long ago that it was auburn, with a glint of gold. Her eyes were undeniably gray.

Just now they looked blue and questioning, as she looked to the man, for he had not heard her approach. She stood behind him, with a mischievous look on her face, and finally said,

"May I dig in your garden too?"

Mr. Haveridge started and whirled around, only to see his young mistress, whereupon he smiled and said,

"Good morning, Miss Cecelia, you may dig if you wish."

It was Cecelia O'Toole who spoke. Cecelia lived here with her little mother, in the house which had belonged to her grand father, but which now belonged to her mother, her father having died, when she was quite small, leaving her and her big brother,—who was now a Senior in College, to care for her mother.

Cecelia was just the least bit disappointed, when Mr. Haveridge did not speak more cordially. It was true he did not know her very well, as he had not become acquainted with her, until about a month before.

Cecelia remembered well the day he had come trudging up the road with a good-looking valise, and asked for work—and as finally given a position as gardener. And the day when she was watching Mammy Chloe clean his room over the garage, she noticed a diamond stud and a dance program on the dresser.

As she was turning these things over in

her mind, she noticed he was watching her, from the corner of his eye.

"What could the man be thinking?" Of course she did not know whether he was trying to learn something, or whether he noticed how quickly her eyes had turned blue when she was thinking or,—why she let her hair hang in curls rather than do it up.

Soon Cecelia forgot her anxiety and a most adorable smile curved her lips and she began to hum a tune. All the while, Mr. Haveridge was spading up the cool, brown earth, that lay at their feet, and occasionally glanced at her from under his heavy black lashes.

Just then the village stage came rattling up the hill, and stopped in front. A young man got out, and made his way to the gate.

(To be continued)

POETRY CONTEST

First Prize

SPRING

In Spring I wander forth
To hold with Nature sweet communion.
And as I walk on every hand
She shows to me her beauties.
Hidden to all who do not love her,
The tender leaflet, bursting out,
Drops its coat of somber brown.
The dancing brooklet smiles and laughs,
And tinkles its sweet music
With merry glee.
And as I wander on,
The lark, winging the blue deep,
Pours forth its blithesome melody.
And still I wander on, and ever on
Thru dim and silent corridors of trees,
With golden sunlight stealing thru
The leafy emerald thatch.
On every side, new joys
Unfold themselves to me.

—Robert Murray. '21.

Second Prize

"DANDELIONS"

There is a bank I love to watch
A bank of green and gold,
For o'er a carpet velvet green
Are flowers that fairies mold.

Such gold there never shone before
As when these flowers open wide,
And there among the petals fine
The sun beams try to hide.

The lulling drone of busy bees,
Who buzzing cheerfully at their work
Do bathe their bodies in the gold,
Is heard from where the flowers lurk.

But as the days of sunshine pass
The gold is folded in its sheath,
And fringes green now hide the gold
And for a little ragged wreath.

But when the fringes open again
A thing of beauty there is found,
For gold has changed to milky balls
Of silver threads, spun soft and round.

The wind comes whispering o'er the bank
And softly breathes on fairy balls,
That sail away in their embrace,
To drift to earth in grassy halls.

And so the gold is planted there
By tiny seeds, all soft and light,
To make another golden bank,
To form another new delight.

Yet men despise this fairy gold,
Because 'tis sent from Nature's store
In liberal lots of magic charm,
Which though despised, grows all the more.

If diamonds paved the sandy shores,
And platinum was piled until it rots,
Why, man would scrape it in his cart
And dump it to grade the vacant lots!
Lowell Houser '21.
(Written last spring).

Honorable Mention DREAMING

The dreamy time of year, has come
The sky all seems so gray,
The sun has even ceased to shine
And life's not quite so gay.

The crows go "cawing" through the sky
And ducks and geese are seen.
They are going to the South-land
Where the grass is always green.

SHORT STORIES

First Choice

A GIRL'S TRIALS

It was a day in the rich bloom of autumn, just when the fruit of the labored year is most perfect, when nature seems to have an occasional day of pause, and seeming to debate whether it were worth while to go through the old story of winter, spring and summer again. It was a day of great excitement to Elinor for wasn't her mother coming home to her again? The thought of the past lonesome weeks vanished as she tidied the humble cottage which was "home" to her. Tomorrow she would go and find work, for Elinor was determined that now she would earn the money, for mother must not work after her long siege of illness. A knock at the door interrupted her meditations. She eagerly opened the yellow envelope which the messenger handed her. But no sooner had she glanced at the contents when all the color dropped from her face, leaving it like marble. She syawed in her place and brushed her hand across her eyes, the telegram dropped unregarded.

"It isn't true," she repeated dully, "I don't believe it. It can't be true. It can't. It can't. I tell you I don't believe it. Mistakes are always being made."

But it was true. Her mother had died.

Elinor gazed unwinkingly at the quiet face on the pillow.

"She's dead—mother is—dead. Mother's dead!" She uttered the words in a dull monotone. "Oh!" she moaned, both hands clenched tightly at her sides, "oh, oh, oh!"

Then followed twilight days for Elinor. Days when her few friends—a very few—seemed like vague forms gliding by at a mistily, indifferent distance. Many "tomorrows" came and went but none brought a ray of happiness or sunshine to the girl's broken heart. Yes, she would now earn the money but why couldn't her mother be there to share it with her.

There were hollows under her cheek bones and her once merry black eyes carried years of sadness and grief in them, when she started out to try for a position. But it seemed there were girls needed no

The leaves float down Clark Avenue
And o'er the Central grounds.
(We see them from the study hall
When we've been looking 'round.)

And so we go on thinking
Of Thanksgiving drawing near
The pumpkin pie, and good things
Which come, this time of year.

And then we think of sleigh-rides
And skating parties, too
Of moonlight walks, and straw-rides,
With our own—Betty Lou.

When suddenly a gentle hand
Is rested on my shoulder
A teacher's voice says, loud and grand
"The period's nearly over."

—Ada Robinson '21.

Honorable Mention A WINTER'S CREED

Winter's a test of us people on earth
To measure the length, and the depth and girth
Of our tempers, when the big world is so cold and bleak,
And the chill winds howl, and whistle, and shriek,
And we pray for the sun on our frost-bitten cheek
Instead of the stinging ice-crystals of sleet.
How about it, old man, are your spirits so weak
That they cannot hold up 'gainst the rain and the sleet?

Breathe in a deep breath of the good winter air,
Look around at the weather and say, "I don't care,
The elements won't see me fall into their snare
Of grouches and shivers and sneezes, so there!"
Smile at the people you meet on the street;
Just think! summer's coming, and no more cold feet!

—Marjorie Beam '21.

Why does Pearl Nunamaker always punch R. M. in algebra class?

where so Elinor finally made her way to the sewing factory at the edge of the city.

"Yes! I can use you. Take that machine and be d— quick about it too." This was the manager's verdict after giving Elinor the "onceover."

She took her place at the end of a long line of machines. Toward the close of the weary day's work she knew she could no longer stand the foul air, the metallic, shrill squeaking of the machines, and the foreman's fierce temper and continual swearing. But the foreman also saw that this delicate girl did not "fit in" with the rest of the hardened employees—so he discharged her.

Elinor turned lagging steps toward her rooming-house where she now had one small room, and contented herself with some dried cheese and bread. Did no one in the large city want to employ a girl? It seemed not, for Elinor vainly tried again and again for work.

"Oh God! take me now," she cried in despair as she flung herself across a chair. Were her trials to never cease? It looked doubtful, for now the landlady came bustling in.

"Say girl! I want that rent that you've been owing me for the last three weeks."

"Oh please, I shall pay as soon as I can get the money. I am without a position now—there is help needed no where. But I will try again tomorrow."

"Huh! that's an old story. I've heard it afore. I—"

"Just give me one more chance. I'll surely find work tomorrow," Elinor pleaded.

The woman shuffled out of the room, after a flow of angry words.

Again the long, white shafts of pink and white splendor streamed across the sky, transfiguring the city with the celestial tints of morning as another day dawned. Today, thousands were to be overwhelmed with joy and gladness; but another thousand was to be stricken with grief and sadness.

To Elinor's dismay she awoke with burning face and hands. Again, she was confined to her bed with illness. All the while she prayed that she might die or be given strength enough to continue her patient search for work.

Once more the landlady stamped into the little room. But this time she was not to be put off. Sick or well Elinor must go. The girl, on her knees, and with tears streaming down her cheeks, pleaded that she might remain just one more day. Was this woman inhuman? Was her heart made of stone? Yes, she was cruel.

"I'll be good enough to accommodate you with thirty minutes to get out," was her answer to the girl's entreaties.

Elinor took her few possessions and tied a heavy veil over her sad, thin face. Then, with slow weakening steps she made her way out into the street to again face the serious problems of this large world.

The sun's level rays again slipped behind the clouds. Another day had passed, another day in which so many joys and sorrows had been mingled. Another day, like the great number that had passed and like the multitude that were to follow, was gone—never to return.

—Mildred K. Gernes '22.

Second Choice

BACKBONE

"Oh, isn't he the sweetest"

"Those darling dimples"

"Such expressive eyes"

"Look at him blush"

"O, he's looking at me now. Act as if you didn't see him."

"Mary thinks she's smashed him."

The pitied object of these and many hundred similar remarks made in the girls' end of the corridor, leaned against the wall and sighed in a bored manner. What could those silly girls see in life to giggle about. Personally, he was homesick for his jolly comrades in the old Bairsburg High. These Elsworth fellows weren't very friendly. He gazed around in disgust and strolled languidly up to his assembly room, on the second floor.

"Big sissy" sneered one of the jealous fellows who had been jilted that morning by a girl who was trying to win Ned Burton's best regard.

"Too good-looking to suit me", remarked another.

"Looks don't count. He hasn't any grit or backbone," said the burly, angular, red-headed football captain.

It was plainly shown in the attitude of the

Elsworth High boys toward the new comer that they were jealous.

Coach Grey also noticed Ned as he passed through the halls. He was not attracted by the flashing black eyes, the unruly black curls or any of the other features that smote every girl's heart. Neither was he jealous. As he watched the boy he noted at a glance the manly, erect carriage, the strong athletic build, the well developed muscles, the firm jaw and resolute mouth.

"Say Burton," he said as Ned passed him, "Better come out for football tonight. Will you?"

"Guess so. I've played a little."

The scornful glances and sneering remarks that followed this brief exchange of words showed plainly the caliber of the Elsworth High boys.

"Why, he can't play football," exploded Red, the captain. "I tell you he hasn't any backbone. He might get his little hands dirty. Look at me. I'm not afraid of anyone. I take all kinds of bumps and knocks. Gee whiz! I got my knee knocked out of joint last year and was laid up for two weeks and you don't hear me complainin' once. Bet he's afraid to play ball with a kitten."

"He plays the piano nicely", said one of Red's cronies.

Nevertheless Ned Burton went to football practice and when the day came for the big game he was put on the team as right end, much to the chagrin of the captain. He was eyed with distrust by every boy and gazed at with adoration by every girl. Never before had there been so many girls in the bleachers as on the day when Ned Burton made his debut.

The opposing team was strong and clever. It took all of Elsworth's strength and wits to keep them from walking away with the game. At the end of the third quarter the score was 13 to 7 in favor of the opposing team.

While they were resting Coach Grey came out on the field to give them a few final directions and encouraging words.

"We'll have to use forward pass formations" he said cheerfully. "Pass the ball to Burton. I think he can run to the goal with it. We have got to get this game or our

hopes for state championship will be blasted."

"I tell you that Burton hasn't any backbone," grumbled the Captain under his breath. He was beginning to doubt his own words, and did not care to grumble aloud for the missing vertebra might come to light.

In the first attempt to dash for goal, Burton was thrown, receiving a deep gash on his head. But he held the ball. At the second attempt he gained several yards but was downed. He still held the ball. When he felt the ball in his hands the third time, he held it tightly under his left arm, gave a running jump and went clear over the guards who were waiting to grasp his feet. He ran swiftly through the opposing ranks while his comrades were keeping them occupied. The field was clear. In a few minutes he would be at the goal. Oh! would he ever get there. The warm blood was trickling over his face, from the cut on his head and blinding him. His knees were getting shaky. His breath came in gasps. D— there was that fielder to be reckoned with. He circled to go around him, but the little pest was in his way, grabbing at his legs. With a savage kick, Ned landed the fielder windless on the ground and stumbled on to the goal. He fell exhausted but the ball was safely over the mark.

The time was nearly up. Yes, he'd have to do it. This couldn't be a tie game. He staggered out on the field and a moment later he had kicked the ball over the goal, then he fell in an unconscious heap and was borne tenderly off the field.

Time has up—Score 14 to 13 in favor of Elsworth!

The girls wept real tears. Coach Grey's voice was husky with joy.

"Why that fellow's got backbone," said the captain. "I told you he could play football."

—Neva Gilbert '21.

(Literary continued on page twenty-five)

Florence Grove (pronouncing, spelling and giving the accent of words.)

"G-r-o-a-n."

"Where is the accent?" asked Miss Curtis.

"It's all gone."

STUDENT OPINION

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Assistant Editor....Robert Murray '21
Business Manager....Ralph Mayo '20
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HumorNeva Spence '21
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THE DANCING QUESTION

Please don't misunderstand the title of this composition. The question doesn't dance but it is because young people like to dance so well that the question arises. Dancing is as natural for young folks as singing is for birds. It is just simply movement and motion expressing youthful exuberance and joy of living.

Isn't the youth or maiden who doesn't like the dance handled as a stick, a study hard, or old "foggy"? Of course they are. The swing of a good waltz just catches us irresistibly and makes us whirl away into space.

There is really beauty in the old fashioned dances, the waltz, the one step and two step. Father and mother still enjoy stepping it off together; at least until Father Time summons them back to earth with a few rheumatic twinges of pain.

When a group of young people meet

where music is available, the first suggestion is "Oh, let's dance!" And why not? It's a healthful recreation. It cultivates harmony and grace of movement. There is no harm in dancing unless brought in by corrupt ideas from the supposed "display of art."

Just as anything else, when restricted in one place, it will crop out in others. "Forbidden fruits are always the sweetest" and the fact that some dance without the knowledge and sanction of their parents makes it harmful.

Another contaminating influence is the popular "Jazz" music. While entirely permissible in itself, it has suggested new and "unbeautiful" movements and gestures in dancing which are positively disgusting. Nobody who loves to dance for the sake of obtaining a wholesome enjoyment enjoys seeing or dancing the "Shimmies," a direct outcome of the "jazzy" music.

This dance, a direct outcome of the "jazzy" music, while popular once, has been very highly condemned. In order to keep time to the music, the dance gave a succession of "jerks" and called it dancing. To one who cannot appreciate its artistic beauty, it appears to be merely a cross between the Hula Hula dance from Hawaii, and St. Vitus' dance. It is entirely restricted or entirely unrestricted which has brought on this corruption.

It is much easier for a community to close their eyes and forbid dancing to young people, while young people dance in secret or are driven to attend public dances, than it is to provide a place for dancing and suitable chaperones.

Dancing on public floors with and among all kinds of people is not conducive to very high and pure morals for young high school students. All this orry about sons and daughters being led astray would be elimin-

ated if the unwholesome atmosphere was removed. "Come on and dance!" the young folks cry and—Let them dance! A few good waltzes and a one step will use up a lot of that stored up energy. Oversee them, old folks, don't preach at 'em, but be interested and the students will go fifty-fifty.

STUDENT OPINION

SUBSCRIBE TO THE SPIRIT!!

This has ever been the appeal when an effort is made to secure financial aid for our school paper. This matter of subscribing to the Spirit is of vital importance. It concerns the life of the paper! whether it shall exist or cease to exist. The size of the subscription list determines whether the students wish to have a school paper or not. Many people have the erroneous idea that the Spirit is controlled by a few. Nothing is further from the truth. The Spirit is the work, the possession, the instrument of the whole school. It reflects the sentiments, the desires, the ideals, the life of the student body.

Th business of obtaining subscriptions for the Spirit is not a money-making proposition. As has been said before, it concerns the life of the paper. With only three-eighths of the scholars from a school of four hundred, subscribing the paper cannot be a success. In order to make definite, concrete plans for the whole year, financial backing must be secured. The idea of the Spirit being a money-making proposition is absurd. With an incubus of debt amounting to about two hundred dollars on our shoulders, it will require much forethought in order to pull through.

It is extremely probable that the number of students in the school who are unable to subscribe to the Spirit is very small. The money thoughtlessly expended by each one of us in a short time is sufficient to pay for a yearly subscription to the Spirit. The actual price of the paper should not count and the desire of the student body should be to support their paper. Every fellow, every girl, subscribe; give us your backing, intellectual and financial, and our paper will be a howling success!

Everybody boost, make it 100 per cent! Show your spirit, and subscribe to the "Spirit!"

BOLSHEVISM

We all have heard something about Bolshevism in Russia and Germany but we never even thought of such conditions existing in our good old U. S. A. Well, they exist, and in our town, indeed within the doors of our own High School. It's been kept awfully quiet, of course, for the "Reds" have been fearing a "mob riot."

And you ask who is the cause of this uproar? Haven't you heard of Friday night, October 24? Maybe some of you remember that it was the night that the Civics classes met at the High School to practice their stunt for Assembly.

Say! A strike is peaceful beside that meeting! It would have taken a regiment of "M. P.'s" to bring that bunch to order. Paper-wads, shot and canon-balls flew thick and fast. Altogether, their behavior was certainly not as we should expect from any group of students in Ames High School.

Honorable Mention

GOD'S GIFTS

Whence come the lovely bluebells

And the buttercups filled with dew—
Symbols of love and freedom?

They are all from God to you.

Whence comes the cheery robin,

And the bird of heaven's blue—
Singing from morn 'til twilight?

They are all from God to you.

Whence comes the beautiful morning,

Radiant with the sun's rosy hue—
Ah, whence comes all sweet nature?

It is all from God to you.
Send out thy beams, no matter how small,
Send them out both far and near—
'Tis the tiny things make the great ones,
As the days make up the year.

—MMG.

In Senior class meeting some of the girls were discussing whether they should get rings for their ring finger or for the little finger.

The decision had just about been made in favor of the ring finger when Myrna Gray spoke up,

"But what will you do with it when you get your wedding and engagement rings?"

NORTH, EAST, WEST, SOUTH

!GOSSIP!

Miss Jones' mother has arrived in Ames from Vinton, Iowa, and will make this her home.

Ruth Miller returned to school Monday, November 3, after being out three weeks on account of illness.

Earl Downey was recently assigned to a permanent front seat by Miss Prentice during an algebra III class.

Miss Jussen, the new supervisor of Art of Ames Public Schools, has arrived from Ripon, Wisconsin.

Teachers were advised not long ago to see that the windows were kept closed for a week in order to test the ventilating system. This proved a difficult task for the teachers and it was certainly annoying to the people who love to open windows when a car is going by as they have nothing else to do.

Anna Cameron of Ida Grove spent a few days a week ago with Gwen Edwards, and also visited High School.

Ames High School is more fortunate than some at the present time. Many schools have been forced to close because of the coal situation, but it is said that Ames High has a large enough supply to last several weeks.

The Ttatapochan Campfire met Saturday at the home of Doris Prall.

A little excitement was caused Wednesday noon, November 5, in the Auditorium when Greta Hamner and Kathryn Smutz became so charmed by the music played by Viola Rahe, that they danced completely off the platform and landed with a thud, on the floor below.

At the teachers convention in Des Moines Friday, November 7, some of the Ames High teachers appeared on the program. Miss Boyd is president of the Commercial Round Table for the state and Miss Carter read a

paper on "Bookkeeping Considered as Accounting."

The biology classes have about fifty small fish which were brought to school Monday, November 3. They had been stranded after the overflowing of the creek.

Miss Curtiss and Miss Carter were so anxious to get to the Teachers' Convention that they left Thursday evening.

Don't anyone miss the last football game of the season!

The Seniors have ordered their class rings and pins and expect to be wearing them in the near future.

Mrs. Zenor, formerly Miss Thornburg, was at the Iowa Falls game November 1, and from the way she was yelling and people were shaking hands with her, she hasn't forgotten A. H. S. nor has A. H. S. forgotten her.

A Junior class meeting was held Thursday, Oct. 30. Plans were made for a hard time party on the evening of Nov. 14. However the Juniors have postponed their party for a week, that the Seniors may have a masquerade the 14th.

The Neachee Campfire held an interesting meeting Nov. 2.

Marjorie MacDonald came home from a visit in Ohio on Wednesday, October 28. She said, she had the best time anyone could have. She will only be with us a short time, though, then she will leave for her new home in Texas.

Zelma Holmes left two weeks ago for her new home in Texas. Word has been received that she had a fine trip, and that she is living in town instead of in the country, as she expected to.

Eva Hoffman went to Slater Saturday afternoon after the Iowa Falls game and remained until Sunday evening at the home of her friend Barbara Reack.

This is Fat! That's Fat! There's Fat!

Fat and Sid appeared twice in the picture taken of A. H. S. November 5. They stood at the west end and while the picture was being taken they got behind the crowd and went to the east where they were again taken. If we all could have done that there surely would have been some size to our school.

The new saying, "I'll see you at the library tonight."

Margaret Adams spent the week end November 7 in Des Moines.

Max Beman has been ill with tonsillitis and expects, as soon as he is better, to go to Des Moines to have his tonsils removed.

The meeting of the High School Parent-Teachers' Association which was to have been held Thursday evening, November 6 will not be held until the first Thursday in December. A good program had been arranged for the meeting but the teachers were unable to be present on account of the State Teachers' meeting in Des Moines. There will be a meeting called to elect delegates to the State Parent-Teachers' Convention in Ames next week.

Paul Downey returned to school Nov. 3 after being confined to his home several weeks on account of scarlet fever.

Gilbert Cropps, a freshman, is leaving soon for his new home at Dubuque, Iowa.

The Y. W. C. A. cabinet and advisors, Miss Miller and Miss Rayburn, had an interesting meeting Wednesday evening, Nov. 3 in Miss Miller's room. After the meeting a social hour was enjoyed, apples were then served and the meeting was adjourned.

Lorena Cure spent Sunday in Maxwell. We notice she brought back a cold with her.

A Freshman class meeting was held in the Study hall, Thursday October 23. Miss Britton, the class monitor read the votes, acted as chairman, and conducted the election. The following officers were elected: president, Eben Howell; vice-president, Mary Cure; and secretary, Dorothy Bullock. The treasurer and bookkeeper, Herbert Paulson was appointed by the Commercial Department.

The Sophomore class held a Halloween party Saturday evening Nov. 1. Various games were played and some humorous

stunts and a brief program were given. After a fine time they went to the gym where they all enjoyed seed cider, doughnuts and apples.

Superintendent Bodwell and Principal Steffey attended the State Teachers' meeting Thursday, Nov. 6 in Des Moines.

Miss Rayburn spent the week end at her home in Grinnell.

Ethel Armstrong, who has been absent from school the last week or so on account of illness, is steadily improving.

SOCIETY NEWS

Gwen Edwards entertained three couples at her home Friday evening, October 31.

Earl Elliott, Margaret Ringheim, Dan McCarthy, Clarice Ambrose, Bern Hubbard, and Helen Welty spent a very pleasant evening at Clarice's home in Nevada October 26.

Neva Spence entertained six couples at a Halloween party Thursday evening, October 30. Jack o'lanterns were hung about the house and it certainly presented a Halloween atmosphere. Fortunes were told and many games were played. Everyone had a wonderful time.

The Serago Campfire girls were entertained by Marjorie Garretson Friday evening. Half of the girls were dressed as boys and half as girls. We hear that some of the girls made very good boys.

Grace Harris entertained a number of her friends at her home the other night. At the close of a very pleasant evening refreshments were served.

Melvina Allen entertained the Unaliyi Campfire girls at her home Monday evening, Oct. 27. Each girl invited a friend. After a very enjoyable evening Mrs. Allen served some of her gingerbread and sandwiches which are famous with the campfire girls.

Mildred Gernes decided she'd have a little party Saturday night so "Red" Smith, Marian Smith and "Hap" McCarty came up. Marian and "Hap" decided they wanted to go to a show so all of a sudden Marian remembered she had some letters to mail. They went out and got into the Ford and went to Nevada and saw a good show. What Mildred and "Red" said when they got back we'll leave for you to guess.

The Neachee Campfire girls spent Tuesday evening, Nov. 4 in the country at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Zenor. They all enjoyed themselves immensely and at the close of the evening popcorn was served.

Mae Adamson and Edith Speers entertained about twenty girls at a masquerade party at the Speers' home Friday evening. Everyone had a fine time.

Catherine Smutz entertained five couples at her home the other evening. From all reports everyone spent a very pleasant evening.

Geneva Erickson entertained the Manasquan Campfire girls at a masquerade party Friday evening, October 31.

The teachers of Central school entertained the teachers of the other schools at a Hallowe'en party, Friday evening. Upon their arrival the guests were met at the door by ghosts who conducted them thru the basement to the different rooms which had been decorated for the occasion. The evening was spent in Hallowe'en stunts, telling stories, and other amusements. At the close delicious refreshments were served.

ALUMNI

Since it will be of probable interest to the students of A. H. S. and others to know where our alumni are and what they are doing we have secured as much information as possible from a few of the graduates since the year 1916.

We surely will be interested to hear from any of our alumni or to receive any information concerning them.

1919

Iowa State College: Margaret Sloss, Gordon Pohlman, Verna Clark, Eleanor Murray, Lawrence Holsinger, Ruth Prall, Priscilla Dodds, Chevalier Adams, Harry Williams, Dorothy Gruwell, Waldo McDowell, Grace Pohlman, Elizabeth Gleason, Raymond Byrnes, Ava Kulow, Neva Snook, "Ted" Jones, Dan McCarthy, Jeanette Beyer, Olive Husted, Edith Sunderlin, and Minnie Lindauer.

Grinnell: Marie Morteson, Russell Barker, Harriet Tilden, Robert Potter, Gertrude Reis.

Monticello Boarding School: Lydia Tilden.

Mt. St. Joseph College, Dubuque: Veronica Morrissey.

Ward—Belmont, Nashville, Tenn.: Harriet Schleiter.

Others working in offices and various places are: Carolyn Crosby, Florence Snook, Lucille Nickels, Edna Dressler and Estella Sill.

1918

Iowa State College: Edith Wallis, Barclay Noble, Gilberta Luke, Mary Battell, "Tubby" Kooser, Edgar Jacobson.

1917

Iowa State College: Dorothy Proctor, Charles Richter, Leroy Aplan and Edward Judge.

Northwestern: Douglas Waitley, Claud Scarbrough.

Jay Elliott is working for Proctor and Ferguson Auto Co.

1916

Still College, Des Moines: Elden Cox.
Leland Stanford, California: David Ghrist.

Iowa State College: Glenn McCannon, Harold Pammell, Harold Nowlin, Lester Swearington, Dorothy Bowdish, Pearl Aplan, and Hazel Kintzley.

NOTICE: JUNIORS!!!

Attention! Now dear Juniors,

You will no wiser be

If you do not learn to compromise

As you will clearly see.

We Seniors that we'd be real sports
And show you one good time
But you, poor Juniors, lost your nerve
And so you did decline.

Now we know we're dignified
But when we do take pity
And vote for a party in the Gym.,
All of you remain sitting.

Oh, is it that you're bashful
Or don't know how to act?
Just get a book on etiquette
And master all the facts.

By—GR & ML

Instead of having a "take-off" on the Gym teacher there should be a "put on."—A Prep.

EXCHANGES

Ames High School, thru the Spirit is carrying on a fine system of exchanges this year. High School and College papers are being exchanged with the Spirit, much to the advantage of our school.

The custom of exchanging papers between the various schools is growing all the time. It benefits all concerned, especially those editing the paper, and the various literary issues and "news" paper are very interesting for all to read. Exchanges are placed in the school library, and can be read there.

We have quite a few exchanges on our list this year. More schools are starting School Journals, and almost all of the papers exchanged in former years are continuing publication of their respective dailies, weeklies, monthlies, etc.

The list of exchanges, with a few comments, follow:

1. The "Bayonet"—Plattsmouth, Nebr.
2. The "Pebbles"—Marshalltown
3. The Bumble B.—Boone
4. Ah La Ha Sa—Albert Lea, Minn.
5. Old Gold And Blue—Ida Grove
6. Philo Phonograph—Sac City
7. Spectator—Waterloo
8. Comment—Keokuk
9. Elgin Mirror—Elgin, Ill.
10. Pulse—Cedar Rapids
11. Railsplitter—Lincoln, Nebr.
12. Tatler—Colo
14. Little Dodger—Fort Dodge
15. Simpsonian—Indianola
16. Coe College Cosmos—Cedar Rapids
17. Penn Chronicle—Oskaloosa
18. Otaknam—Mankato, Minn.
19. F. H. S. Vacuum—Fairfield, Iowa
20. Clintonian—Newton
22. The "O"—Oskaloosa

Other towns to be invited to exchange are Grinnell, Sioux City, Council Bluffs, Ottumwa, Vermillion.

The "Pebbles", Marshalltown, is a fine cheerful paper. Their first literary issue received was very good.

The "Bumble B.", Boone, is a classy, real breezy publication.

The "Ah, La Ha Sa", Albert Lea, Minn., is a very interesting, live paper. We are glad to have it on our list.

The "Railsplitter", Lincoln, Ill., shows real merit as well as interesting, snappy news and jokes.

The "Tattler", is an artistic and excellent publication. It is a finished product all through.

The "Little Dodger" of Fort Dodge, promises to be a very good member of our exchange list.

The "Simpsonian", Indianola, one of our College papers, is very good.

The "F. H. S. Vacuum", Fairfield, is a steady customer to our exchange. It is a fine, compact, newsy paper. A good example to follow.

The "Newtonia", Newton, is a paper much to be admired. It is very complete and shows good organization and backing.

The "Pulse", Cedar Rapids, lives up to its name in full. It shows fine leadership and good backing together with power.

He Left Her

Miss Fortyodd awoke in the middle of the night to find a burglar ransacking her effects. Miss Fortyodd did not scream for she prided herself, among other things, upon her courage. Pointing to the door with a dramatic gesture, she exclaimed, "Leave me at once!"

The burglar politely retreated a step and said, "I had no intention of taking you."

Emily has bewitched four of our Ames High boys and we are waiting in great suspense to see who the fifth one will be.

ACTIVITIES

OUR ASSEMBLIES

On October 29, the girls' Physical Training classes gave us a very enjoyable entertainment under the direction of Miss Foskette. They gave the folk-dances of Russia, France, America, and several other countries. We can all agree in saying that everyone enjoyed it because from the smiles and winks on the stage the girls had as good a time as those of us who looked on.

On November 5, we also had an interesting program. The first number was several selections by the orchestra. Then it was turned over to the public speaking classes. Readings were given by Neva Spence, Agnes Noble, Mary Reed, and Marjorie French. I am sure that we will take Mary's advice and not let the goblins get us. A pantomime was given which was called "The First Flash." Mildred Parsons gave a piano solo, but that wasn't enough, we had to have another. Next thing on our program was a fire-drill followed by having our pictures taken. We all just about froze, but we were glad to have a whole school picture taken.

SENIOR DOINGS

The Senior class has been having several meetings lately. But you know they are a busy class.

At the second meeting of the year they picked out the design for their rings and pins. But all of us who wanted rings had to have our fingers measured, of course, so we had another meeting and a representative of the Tilden Manufacturing Company came up and did the work.

As Ralph Mayo, Business Manager of the "Spirit" has resigned, we talked over the matter of selecting a new one. Three names were suggested and we decided that

we would leave the question to our "Spirit" advisors, Mr. Steffey and Miss Tenney.

"Y"OU "W"ILL "C"OME "A"GAIN IF YOU DO ONCE

Say Girls! let me tell you a secret,
We're a grand Y. W. C. A.
You sure ought to be at our meetings,
Come on! Be a sport, and please stay!
—M. G.

Yes Girls! that's just what we are. And we have had some of the most interesting meetings and we are going to have some more of the same kind. Good and spicey and lots of pep.

The Y. W. in our H. S. has been organized about two years and in these short two years we've done lots of things and now we are just finding out how many more things we can do.

Sixty girls joined the organization this fall. Think how many new people that means. Of course we are minus our Senior girls of last year but many of them have gone into college, ready to take up "Y" work there. Altho we miss them Ames High will not suffer for the loss with sixty new girls, bringing the total membership up to one hundred and sixty. A majority of these girls are Freshmen with a pep and enthusiasm that is possessed only by Freshmen.

These girls were recognized as members at the Recognition Service Oct. 8. It was a beautiful service. Each member held a small candle lit from the flame of a larger candle representing the Ames High Branch. And this candle had been lighted from a yet larger one meaning the National Y. W. C. A. Passages from the Bible were read by the Cabinet members, that were particularly adapted to the service.

The Y. W. C. A. is an organization that every girl should and can belong to. It

makes no difference what her creed is, her social standing, her talents or her beliefs. It is one place where we all meet on a common ground and all are welcome. A place that we can discuss together the problems that confront us. We can help other girls and they will help us. Isn't it wonderful girls how much we can have in common?

And then there are the good times. The Kid Party we had in September was so interesting. And the Hallowe'en party two weeks ago. You girls enjoyed yourselves at the party and now sample the meeting and see if you don't have a good time there too.

Last spring we elected our officers. Pres., Lorena Cure. Vice-Pres., Marjorie Beam. Secretary, Lyla French. Treas., Ethelyn Colburn (who has moved away). Treas., elected to fill vacancy, Joan Parsons. Social Service Committee: Edna Armstrong. Social Committee: Neva Gilbert. Program Committee: Hazel McKibben.

They're a dandy bunch and are doing their best to make the Young Women's Christian Association live up to it's name. Let's help ourselves girls, by helping them make the ork a success.

DEBATING

Ames High students aren't as interested in debate as they should be but those who have the fever have it bad. The State Debating Question, Resolved: "That Congress should enact legislation providing for a system of Compulsory Military Training for all able bodied men before they reach the age of 21 years," should be of interest to the girls as well as the boys. The following are working hard on the question and are getting some valuable training.

Earl Rayness
Ralph Dove
Alford Carleton
Lyla French
Maurice Smith
Carvel Caine
Egbredt Stone
Lee Stevens
Helene Dean
Anson Marston

Did you know that A. H. S. is going to

have a Dramatic Club soon! Watch for further notice.

"HI-Y"

At the meeting held October 30, a good bunch heard two fine talks. One by Rev. Edwards, which was very interesting. He told how the Bible has been preserved since it was written, and explained how it is known that it has not been changed since that time.

The other talk was by the new Bible Study leader, Mr. Howard Porter, a post-graduate student at the College. Work under him is certainly going to be worth coming out to get. Boys! let's all get out and show him that we have interest to match his enthusiasm.

OUR COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT

There are very few in the Ames High School now that remember back in 1913 when the Commercial Department first started. When the High School moved into the new building, there was one class each of bookkeeping, shorthand, and typewriting, and Miss Boyd taught all of these. Since that time there have been several changes. Now we have more classes, more teachers, and more room.

This year saw the beginning of a one year course in bookkeeping for students who do not expect to go into business but who need it to help with their own accounts. Miss Carter has this class. Previous to this year, Miss Curtiss taught all the bookkeeping, but now she has only the advanced class while Miss Carter teaches the beginning. Besides the bookkeeping, Miss Carter has classes in commercial geography, business english and arithmetic. In all these subjects, the practical side is studied. This prepares students to go out into the business world. All these classes are crowded and are growing every year.

In addition to her class in advanced bookkeeping, Miss Curtiss teaches penmanship, spelling and typewriting. Just now the spelling class is studying misspelled words, something that wouldn't do any harm to any of us. Another subject which everybody should take is penmanship. Even if a person is a good writer, he is not so good

that there is no room for improvement. This year the Palmer Company has offered a business certificate in penmanship to students in schools and business colleges. Several years ago, penmanship in all the schools as well as in the High School was taught by one teacher, Mr. Gill. He also had charge of the arithmetic and book-keeping in the High School. That could be impossible now for the classes have made such a rapid growth that we have one extra teacher this year and still there is plenty of work for another.

Then, down to the north end of the hall, behind another room is Miss Boyd's room. This was previously used by the manual training boys but the classes grew so fast that they had to move out to make room for the large typewriting classes. At first, in Room 5, there were only eleven typewriters and one class in typewriting. Now there are thirty typewriters and three classes. Miss Boyd estimates that there are over 160 in her classes, and as many who take typewriting, take shorthand, too, it makes very near 100 who are taking advantage of this opportunity.

There were five in the first class that completed the course in shorthand and typewriting, while last year there were twenty-three. None of these graduates had any trouble in finding permanent positions with good salaries. Miss Boyd could have placed twice that many in permanent positions if there had been more who had taken the course. The business men have awakened to the fact that they can get competent stenographers right here at home and all that is left for us to do is to realize what a splendid chance we have here and then make use of it. This is not just for the girls, certainly not; boys make just as good stenographers and sometimes better.

We have every reason to be proud of our Commercial Department for it is one of the best of its kind in the world, so let's boost with all our might and make it THE BEST. We can if we will.

Y. W. PARTY

The Y. W. C. A. had a Hallowe'en party in the gym. Oct. 30. I said we had a party but we had a good time, our fortunes were told, apples n'everything.

The Gym. is a nice place to have parties for we can play so many games. And that's just what we did that night. The volley ball got all kinds of exercise and so did we. And we played some games to see how hard we could laugh and how quick we could stop. Then we asked some questions and made others answer them right away. Last Couple Out and Royal Lady and several others kept us thinking and moving quickly.

Marjorie Beam and Agnes Noble told some of the girl's fortunes. Isn't it surprising what some of us are going to do and be.

Last but by no means least we had those apples I told you about. Um! Um! they were good.

FORENSIC CLUB

When the Forensic Club started out this year it seemed that most of its old members had graduated, were too busy this year or something. The Forensic Club is a good thing for Ames and the few that were left realized this. They knew what it had meant to them and what it would mean to others if they only once got into it. They also knew that these "others" were in our school. So what did they do but appoint themselves individually a committee of one to scout around and find some of these people. It really surprised them to know how many there were. And of course several have been missed. If you're one of those don't feel hurt but just come on down. There are a few seats left that need filling up. And perhaps you didn't know we had some of those new seats down there. You'll like them lots better than the one you usually have.

We're having parliamentary drill part of the period. And when you get into Congress (and girls they're going to have woman suffrage pretty soon too), you'll need the very drill the Forensic members are getting.

Remember! Third period, Friday's. Better think it over and drop in.

Now Eugene Nelson was there, of course,

And with his usual wit—

"The best thing you could do, dear friend

Would be to bury it."

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

There is being considerably more emphasis placed upon girls' athletics this year than previously. The girls were waiting, anxious to respond to a call for good hard work along athletic lines. Our new Physical Training teacher, Miss Foskette, came to us determined to put girls' athletics "on the map" if the girls would do their part.

We began practising about seven weeks ago and have been at it steadily ever since. Each class has a line up of two or three teams except the Seniors. Only about seven or eight Senior girls are taking Physical Training work and only five of those came out for basket ball. It makes it rather hard but they have been faithful in practices and are planning on putting their team ahead.

This year, the same morning the boys receive their "A's" the six girl stars of the four classes will receive "B's". Besides this the school is presenting the girls with a blanket four feet by two and one half, on which a shield is to be placed and the class number of the winning team will be pinned—at that time. This blanket will then be hung in the building and the classes of the years to come will have the privilege of fighting to get their number on it.

The games this year will be held at 4:00 p. m. open to everyone and with no admission fee. That doesn't mean that they aren't going to be good games. The girls have worked hard and we have four real basket ball teams. Miss Foskette says, "Everything looks mighty promising, the girls have been faithful and there is no reason why we shouldn't have a series of fine games."

The schedule is as follows:

Nov. 13—Wednesday.....Senior-Junior
Nov. 15—Friday.....Sophomore-Freshman
Nov. 20—Wednesday.....Senior-Sophomore
Nov. 22—Friday.....Junior-Freshman
Nov. 25—Monday.....Senior-Freshman
Nov. 27—Wednesday.....Sophomore-Junior
Dec. 4—Wednesday.....Champions

Miss Foskette and four teachers, chosen by the different classes, will pick the six all stars. Those chosen are Seniors—Mr. Kenny, Juniors—Miss Britton, and Sophomores—Miss Jones.

—Joan Parsons '20

Ten Commandments for Freshmen

- I. Thou shalt not curl thy hair for it doth not become thy green appearance.
- II. Thou shalt not fuss nor swear or indulge in slang lest it provoke infant damnation.
- III. Thou shalt not stay up late lest thy weak eyes grow weaker.
- IV. Thou shalt not bear fake witness against thy classmates.
- V. Thou shalt not become engaged.
- VI. Thou shalt not mingle with thy upper-classmen lest thou impose upon them.
- VII. Thou shalt not covet the upper-classmen nor their dresses nor their superiority.
- VIII. Thou shalt not use either powder or paint lest it affect thy vanity.
- IX. Thou shalt not kill either cat or dog or any living critter which belongeth to the sacred circle of upper-classmates.
- X. Thou shalt not steal the upper-classmates' beans nor turn eyes upon them with inexperienced smiles, for thou art youthful.

—Ex.

Precious Mule

A little girl came running in from the back yard and said:

"Mamma, I think that man who hauls ashes is the best man I ever knew."

"Why?" asked her mother.

"Well, you know that old gray mule he drives."

"Yes."

"The man came up to the back gate and rolled the can out into the alley and he picked it up on his knee and was just boosting it up in his cart when the old gray mule jumped and the can of ashes came right down on his foot. And do you know, mamma, that man just sat right down and commenced rubbing his foot and talking to God about his mule."

—Dairy Farm News.

Miss Harper: "Every one knows we should not eat cold food and immediately follow with hot."

Russel A.: "Yes, I should think it would form steam in the stomach."

A. H. S. TUNES

OPERA COMING!!!

Off and on in chorus Mr. Stoddard has been testing our voices and we have been wondering why. He said the other day that he was trying to find out who had the best voices for he is going to put on several musical affairs.

The biggest thing which is to be given is an Opera in the spring. Concerning this Mr. Stoddard said, "I only wish there was some large Opera house in which to give it. The only place is the High School Auditorium, and the stage is only half big enough, and as for the sitting room, the Auditorium is so small I think we will have to give it two nights." He also said that no money or trouble would be spared in making this a great success. So watch out for the plans of the Opera.

Meanwhile, the school will not be without music. A school concert is to be given before the new year. All the grades and the chorus will take part in this.

A cantata is also anticipated for early in the spring. This is to be given by the chorus.

Special music for the chorus with parts of the orchestra accompanying will be given in assembly at different times. Also, trios and quartettes will be picked from the chorus to give us special music, and if they prove as good as the samples we've had we will enjoy them.

We appreciate Mr. Stoddard's work and looking forward with great anticipation to the coming musical events.

ORCHESTRA

Ames High ought to be proud of her orchestra. Never before in the history of the school have we been able to boast of so large a musical organization. The orchestra consists of thirty-two members, but there are still a few students who are too

bashful to make known their genius in this line. We hope that within a short time we will be able to gather them in. Even though Lloyd's bow slips once in a while, and Steve's register key won't work we do get along pretty well. On Tuesdays, the third period, we gather to make this apple of discord, well known throughout the school.

Mr. Stoddard whispers of trips to Des Moines and elsewhere if we do well enough. Come on, you wayward few, who haven't as yet joined our trusty band. They say there's no time like the present.

MUSICAL CREDIT GIVEN IN HIGH SCHOOL

There are several girls this year studying piano for credit. Last year there were more and Mr. Stoddard expects more. Those now taking are:

Gwen Edwards from Mrs. Plagge.
Faye Caul from Miss Post.
Laura Elliott, Mrs. Plagge.
Myrl Garretson from Miss Post.
Florence Barr from Mrs. Dox.
Mildred Barr from Mrs. Dox.
Gladys Knight from Mrs. Dox.

OUR BAND

What do you think of the band now? Didn't we get busy and learn more than two pieces? I guess some of those who made such bright remarks about us had better "pull in their necks."

Since the urgent call for a band we have practiced after school some evenings as well as the regular band practice on Fridays. We really practice too, not just fool around. Mr. Stoddard makes us get down and dig things out—that's the reason we have improved so much you see.

Why does a dog wag its tail?
Because the tail can't wag the dog.

(Continued from page thirteen)

Third Choice

IN THE PATH OF THIEVES

The Campfire girls at "The Ledges" hurried down to the road to the beach where our Grand Council Fire was to be held. As we passed along we noticed that some tramps, who had been camping there for some time had departed.

"Yes, they're gone, but there's a worse bunch north of camp," remarked Hammy, a Boy Scout life-saver to "Summy" another life-saver. "We'll have to go back to guard the tents. Too bad Mr. Nelson, our only man—except Chef Ford, had to leave this noon."

Before the boys left they noticed a queer light up the river.

"We'll investigate," they told Mrs. Nelson, our head guardian and we saw no more of them for some time.

After our Council Fire, we walked back to camp, discussing the new band of tramps, but not really feeling afraid. As we reached camp, a peculiar sight greeted our eyes, for our bathing suits were strung on the flag rope of the flag pole.

"Those boys! Aren't they the limit? There's mine way at the top!" Such were some of the remarks as we gathered at the pole, trying to locate our own suits.

"I can't find the bugler anywhere," Mrs. Nelson finally said, "but it's time for quarters. Everybody to quarters."

As her word was law, we left the abused flag pole and hurried to our tents.

"I wonder where those boys are," Esther said, as we sat waiting for "tatoo". "Believe me I'll make them get my suit for me. Why it's way up there—"

"Bng! Bang! Bang!!" someone yelled. More shouts! More shots! More screams! We rushed out to the parade ground. Several men ran thru the camp, firing as they went. Other shots came from the surrounding bushes. Mrs. Nelson was rushing frantically around.

"Come out here. Bring some lanterns. Don't stand there like 'yummies'. Hurry. Hurry."

Girls from all over the camp were yelling and screaming. Everyone's face was a big question mark. Oh! What was happening?

Near the mess hall we noticed several girls.

"Oh, Summey, Summey!" wailed one of them.

"Cold water. Bring some cold water!" The demand was instantly supplied.

"More cold water. Don't stand so close. Give him some air!"

It was Hammy's voice we heard, and finally we succeeded in discovering the reason. Summey lay on the ground—unconscious. Hammy was using first-aid to the extent of his knowledge.

"No, he's not shot," he replied to our anxious questions, "he's been hit with something—he ought to be taken to a tent. Where's Gail!" Just then Gail staggered toward us, holding his hand to his jaw.

"Hit," he explained. Gladys at once made use of some of her first aid knowledge.

"Here, Gail. Help me lift Summey. His skull is hurt, I think. Be careful. We'll take him to tent three."

After some effort they succeeded in getting him on one of the beds.

"Give him air. Bring more cold water. Hold up that lantern. Move back,—don't crowd in."

During the time we waited for his recovery, we found that the cash box had been stolen—our precious cash box that contained all the money we had brought to camp—a good start toward a small fortune. What would we do?

"But we don't care about the money", wailed one of the girls. "It's just Summey, Summey." And we all echoed her words.

Summey did not appear to be getting along very well. It had been some time since he had been hurt, and now his condition was getting worse instead of better. Gail and Ham, who were usually cheerful and happy, looked grave as they worked, trying to bring Summey back to consciousness.

During this time, we girls were not merely standing around, for we too, had to use our first aid training. Several girls had bad cases of hysteria, and no wonder. The whole camp was nearly wild with anxiety, worse, the cash box gone and no help within a long distance, and with the possible danger of another attack at any moment.

The whole plot was very clear to us. The raiders knew that Mr. Nelson had left that noon. It was their light we had seen up the river. It was they who had strung our bathing suits to the flagpole to hold our attention from the rest of the camp while they stole our money, injured Gail, and perhaps killed Summey! Chef Ford had gone after them, someone said, and maybe he too, was now lying unconscious in the path of the thieves! All that remained to do was to await the outcome—the hardest thing possible for us to do, as we ran here and there in the crowd of hysterical girls, practically helpless in the hands of our enemies.

Suddenly, someone calling above the cries and screams of the girls, told us to hurry to the crafts tent, so that we would not be the target for anyone's gun. We had almost reached this tent when a new series of yells came to our ears.

"Catch him. Stop him. He's out of his head. Catch him. Don't let him fall." And there, staggering toward us, was Summey. He was muttering to himself and acted as if he were trying to fight off an enemy—probably what he had been doing when he was struck. As one of the bravest girls reached out to catch him, he stumbled on a tent-rope and fell, face downward.

The Scouts, who had been running after him, picked him up—jerked him up in fact, and then, of all things that were entirely out of place, they laughed. Yes, laughed! And Summy, strong and hardy as ever, laughed with them. The camp, which a minute before had been screaming and crying, was now ringing with laughter of those who had been in the secret.

We girls looked on and wondered. Then, qnally, as the joke that had been played on us penetrated our bewildered brains, we too, laughed.

So when taps blew, the camp, still shaking from fright—but also from merriment—went to sleep to re-act the whole performance in "Dreamland."

—June Bishop '22.

IN FLANDER'S FIELD

In Flander's fields the poppies grow
Between the crosses row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky

The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead; short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunsets glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flander's fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow
In Flander's fields.

"In Flander's Fields" was written by Lieut. Col. John McCrae, a Canadian soldier, a short time before his death, which occurred while he was still in the service of his country.

Now that the war is over, many people wish to forget most of its troubles and cares; but the memory of those who did not come back will always be kept alive by such poems as "In Flander's Fields."

The poem is a challenge; a challenge for men to carry the war on to the very end. In the first stanza their great sacrifice is pointed out, and yet there is not a word of complaint or discontent.

In the second stanza "Take up our quarrel with the foe" we find the challenge; the living are urged to carry on the fight which had been so bravely begun.

It is significant to note that the poppy is referred to, often in this poem; the opium which is taken from the poppy produces sleep. It has been said, that over the graves of dead soldiers, as in Flander's fields, poppies are nearly always found growing.

Many answers have been written to this poem, but the one by C. B. Galbreath is perhaps more characteristic of the American attitude than any other. The last stanza especially, answers the challenge in "In Flander's Fields," and expresses the determination which was felt.

"Your flaming torch aloft we bear,
With burning heart an oath we swear
To keep the faith, to fight it through
To crush the foe, or sleep with you
In Flanders' fields."

—Lorena Cure '20.

Pearl N.: (in French) "Here is the wind-
ow, she is near the door."

"THE FOUR HOREMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE."

Vincente Blasco Ibanez

This novel is one of the three or four outstanding novels of the war. It is written by a Spaniard, has been translated into English, and has been received very enthusiastically.

The splendid spirit of France in the hour of trial is the dominant note in the story; but the wild life of the cattle herder, the careless existence of the Frenchmen of fashion, the egotistic career of the unsatisfied German, the prophetic utterances of the Russian, and a thread of romance are all woven into a very interesting story. It gives a new view point from which to see and feel the war. It is rich and varied in scene, human in its characterizations, interesting throughout and above all, straightforward and conclusive on the subject of the Germans and their warfare.

It shows how the Germans maintain the theory, "Might is superior to right! The weak should not exist. Be harsh in order to be great."

The title of the book is derived from a book of mystery, in which the seven seals of this book of mystery were broken by the lamb in the presence of the great throne, where was seated one who shone like jasper. The rainbow round about the throne was in sight like an emerald. Twenty-four thrones were in a semi-circle around the great throne, and upon them twenty-four elders with white robes and crowns of gold. Four enormous animals, covered with eyes and each having six wings, seemed to be guarding the throne. The sounding of trumpets greeted the breaking of the first seal.

The first horseman appeared on a white horse. In his hands he carried a bow, and a crown was given him. This horse was Conquest, according to some, the Plague to others.

The second animal from the broken seal rode a flame-colored steed. This rider carried an enormous sword. He was War. Peace fled from the world before his furious gallop.

And when the third seal was broken, another of the winged animals bellowed like a thunder clap. He was mounted on a

black horse. He mounted and held in his hands a scale to weigh the maintenance of mankind. This was Famine.

The fourth animal saluted the breaking of the fourth seal with a great roaring. And there appeared a pale-colored horse. His rider was called Death and power was given him to destroy with the sword and hunger and with death, and with the beasts of the earth.

The four horsemen are described as beginning their mad, desolating course over the heads of the terrified humanity, for Germany holds that "A nation can aspire to great destinies, only when it is fundamentally Teutonic. The less German it is the less its civilization amounts to. Germany represents the aristocracy of humanity, the 'salt of the earth'."

THE BLUEBIRD

Whither, oh whither, o'er flowery vale,
Sweet messenger of love?
Thou seemest a piece of the summer's sky,
Fluttering down from above.

Hearken to the music floating—
Floating through the midnight air,
To it's sadness, and it's gladness,
Oh so sweet, so free and fair.

Hearken to the music floating—
Floating o'er the silent trees,
Echoed by the evening's stillness
Wafted by the gentle breeze.

Herken to the music floating—
Floating as on seraph's wings,
Oh, the untold peace and comfort
And the joy it's echo brings.

—Myrna Gray, '20

Once a Freshie got wrecked on an African shore

Where a cannibal monarch held sway.

And they served up that Freshie on slices of toast

On the eve of that very same day,

But the vengeance of heaven came swift on them all,

And before the next morning was seen,
By cholera morbus the tribe was attacked
For that Freshie was terribly GREEN.

CHATTER BOX

"TAKE-OFFS BY WAY OF FREE VERSE"

If this escapes the furnace
You'll probably all know
That this fair High School
Of a few very dignified flowers,
Is blessed by the presence of
Mr. Steffey, for instance,
Who seems to have
No more
Than one introductory speech
For presenting our speeches in assembly,
Where the air is quite cool
These November days
Albert Tesdall
Is stepping out ith a few (?)
Of
The A. H. S. Girls
Are, as you all know, spending
Their spare time at noons
In the healthful recreation of
Dancing—but if such fatalities
As falling down don't cease to be
The Doctor may be required
To heal Miss Jones' sad mistake
Of letting a few cupsful of hot
Water gently fall upon her feet
Until she quite despaired
Of whether or not it would
Be possible for her to continue
Her daily talks at school
To Mr. Kenny our bright, young (?)
Chemistry teacher we give the due
Credit for making all girls from
The ages of—up to—like him by his
Personality
Is a great thing, Miss Rayburn
Says that we (ses eleves)
Will be doing her a great favor
By bringing our gray matter to class
Is a hard task as is shown
By "Pecky" Posegate
Who whiles away the hours of
Geometry class with "Z-ZZ-Z-Z"
And wakes; as soon as he hears

Miss Rayburn calls out his
Name, sharply
Floyd Cearbrough knows that
It has come his turn
For a calling
Down
Stairs on the second floor
Corridor and one is sure to get
'Three years' in "Assembly" if
Clinton Adams could change
Seats with "Red" Smith in
French class—why—
Margaret wouldn't have to
Turn around to
See him,
And now as this ends my prattle
I want to say
Let's all back the team
And go and see the West High—
Ames battle
Even if Harold doesn't yell.—Deer Yram

SOME OF LIFE'S LITTLE JOKES

Johnny took a little drink,
He lives to drink no more

Oral English, First Period

Miss Hiller: "Joe, what is needed to play
football?"

Joe A.: "A football."

Ted Kooser was telling a fairy tale in
Oral English, when he came to the word
"supernatural."

Pearl N.: "What's 'supernatural'?"

Ted K.: "Oh, a person who is supernat-
ural can do anything."

Pearl N.: "Are you supernatural?"

John Myers was telling a story about
trout.

"What's 'trout'?" someone asked.

"Why it's—(long pause)—I—oh, it's a
fish.

Don't Neglect Your Feet

During your school years it is very important that your feet be correctly fitted.
You'll want something more than a stylish, long wearing shoe. You will want a
correct fitting shoe. Our Expert Fitting Service assures comfort and a correct fit.

BAUGE & ALM

"SHOES THAT SATISFY"

So. Side Main Street

Ames, Iowa

Well, Well!!!

The teacher asked for the definition of a
table. One of the "brilliants" of the class
arose and offered this as a definition.

"A table has a flat top and legs."

No sooner had this been uttered than
Alice Wilcox said,

"Well, I have a flat top and legs but I'm
not a table."

True lovers should not parted be,
Yet in the college car

No seats together did they see
Just separate ones afar.

A kindly man hit on a plan,
Transferred across the aisle

And basked with modest pleasure
In the grateful maiden's smile.

Various Ways of Courting Death

Talking and laughing on second floor.
Whispering in Study Hall.

Talking in undertones in Assembly.

Failing to bring a satisfactory excuse for
your absence.

Going to Caesar without your lesson.

Private Tony Salvino stepped up to S
geant Daly. "Please, meester sargeant,
excuse please. No drill."

"What! Do you mean to say you can't
drill?"

"Please, my uncle—he ees seek!"

"What has that to do with you drilling?"

"But my uncle ees seek. I cannot stand
on him."

"Who in thunder wants you to stand on
your uncle?"

"But, I turn him over. My uncle—see—
he is beeg lika da baloon," and Tony dis-
played a sprained ankle.

Lost—An ebony walking stick by a gentle-
man with an ivory head.

Found—Six wads of gum under my assem-
bly desk. Owner may have same by calling
at office and paying for this ad.—Joe Ander-
son.

Russel Thompson: "Is this poem of mine
blank verse?"

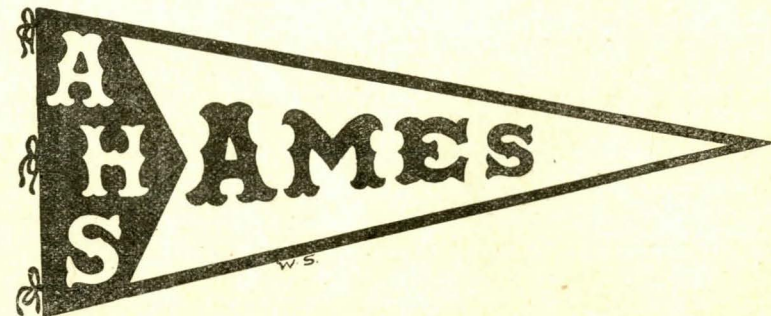
Miss Hiller: "I guess it is. Anyway, the
mind of the person that wrote it was."

NOTICE

Just received a large supply of
Bunte's Fancy Party Candy

HOWARD ADAMS

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College City Specialty Company

AMES, IOWA

Deep, Dark Mystery

Gus Martin was seen to go into Bob Thompson's with Miss Foskette. Miss Foskette came out alone.

Mystery: Where's Gus?

Edna Armstrong (in rest room)

"Ida, please fix my hair. My John! g r my hair is so hairy.

Love is said to be blind because it can never see its finish.

Have You Read the Ads?

FOR BETTER SHOE REPAIRING

GO TO
Roup's Shoe Shop

Sad! Sad!

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head
And settled down to drill
He bored away for half a day
And then he broke his bill.

How Do You Play It?

Suggestions for games were being made
at a committee meeting of the Sophs.
"We'll play Winkem and Dutchman's
Breeches", said June B.
We wonder how to play it, June, it sounds
interesting.

TWIN STAR

BIG BILL RUSSELL in

"6 FEET 4"

From Jackson Gazoup's famous novel

JAZZ

PEP

COMEDY

THRILLS

SATURDAY FEATURE

Cyrl Barger, the graduate from Harvard, was sitting in the renowned Study Hall the other day when it was discovered he was writing letters to "Dear Louise."

Miss Harper in Biology: "Is there any possibility for microbes being in kisses?"
Charlotte J.: "Yes".
Miss Harper: "What do they cause?"
Charlotte: "Palpitation of the heart."

H. M. Duckworth

MORTICIAN

Auto equipment including
Ambulance

Phone 79

Your Problems of Christmas
Shopping are easily solved
at

GODARD'S GIFT SHOP

If you shop early

One day in Biology class
This question was asked, too,
"If someone shot a feathered friend,
Pray tell us what to do."

Two freshmen of the I. S. C. were passing
Dad's popcorn wagon and one suddenly
stopped and said:
"Wait a minute till I get some peacorn
and popnuts."

Chris Sorenson

FRESH AND SALT MEATS, POULTRY

FISH AND OYSTERS IN SEASON

Phone 9

Delivery Service

Ames, Iowa

Joe A.: "I'm a second Abraham Lincoln."
Miss K.: "Why?"

Joe: "I walked up to Merrill Hunter's
just to get an American History."

Arnold L. (to Miss Miller): "Oh! my
mind leaves me when I look at you!"

Teddy K.: "Don't get excited, Miss Mil-
ler, he's said that lots of times."

Mr. Steffey to Harold L.: "Harold are you
satisfied with your school work?"

"Naw, but it's about fifty-fifty. The
teachers aren't satisfied either."

"Shrimp" Godard, our most beloved poet
has offered this bit of verse,

"A little flirtation now and then
Is used to get the wisest men."

Miss Harper: "Now what did I tell you to
be sure and bring to class tomorrow?"
Dale S.: "Bread crumbs."

Our Advertisers Support Us. Do we Support Them?

What is so rare as the blush of a girlie?
What is so rare as the shine of a boot?
What is so rare as an answer from Curly?
And what is so rare as the press in John's
suit?

Mr. Steffey must be getting into the habit
of watching for details for he didn't see
the big bottle of milk in the I. O. O. F. par-
ade but he did see all the little ones about
the float.—"Prep."

Nothing Like It:

Miss Jones in Ancient History class made
the statement:

"The mud walls were baked like the
Egyptians."

We have heard of people being half-
baked before but never fully roasted.

Miss Foskette: "Camilla, don't you know
it's foul to put your arm around a person?"
Camilla: "Well, it's awful easy."

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adapted to all needs. If you need something in this line, see us before buying

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THE REXALL STORE

We maintain the Rexall High Standard in all our goods

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